UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Temptation of Power

By H. R. MUSSEY

The Question of Honor

By JOHN W. HERRING

Pioneers of Today

By ELBERT W. WHIPPEN

VOLUME XCII NUMBER 11

Chicago, November 29, 1923

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES *: Editors :* FRANCIS NEILSON

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XCII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1923 NUMBER 11

WAR AS IT IS

By Col. J. Wedgwood, M.P., D.S.O.

From the picture books, war appears to be a glorious thing. Those who have been through it know that a battle is a thing of constant terror.

A battle nowadays consists of two bodies of terrified people trying to kill each other, not because they hate each other, but because they want themselves to be spared. War is not an affair of heroes, but of cowards. I have been terrified. No man in his senses ever goes into fire for the first time without being terrified.

War in mud, war in rain, war when one sees his best friend shot through the stomach, war when one hears the wounded screaming, is not a very pleasant performance. Old men sitting in armchairs talking about giving their sons for their country would do better to give themselves for their country.

Decent people do not like to look back upon the killing of their fellow-men. They may do it when they are drunk, at war, or afraid, but it is a beastly thing to do. They do not want to glorify it, and do not want others to glorify it in the future.

To abolish war is not impossible. We do not live now under the law of the tooth and the claw as men did at one time. We have now to try to extend the feeling of family so that foreigners will no longer be regarded as detestable. The only foundation upon which we can base our No More War Movement is that of loving one's neighbor as oneself. —Speech made at Longton, England, July 29.

That President Coolidge included in his Thanksgiving Proclamation particular mention of the death of President Harding and of the earthquake in Japan, is a fact which sheds sinister light upon this whole thanksgiving business these dreadful days. The President had no slightest intention of describing these grievous events as anything other than the tragedies which they were; but he unwittingly pointed the lesson, all the same, that our giving of thanks today, as for a series of years past, must be very largely in spite of and not because of the things that are happening in the world. Of course we may be thankful that our country is not as other countries, distracted, fearful, poor, in many cases ruined; but there is a suggestion of pious Pharisaism in this attitude which must disgust any sensitive and sincerely religious soul. What we must do, if we are to be truly and worthily thankful these days, is to penetrate to the deep things of life and feel the hidden currents which flow on unchecked by all the cataclysms of this present world. Like a hidden river of pure water, flowing under the blasted wastes of a stricken earth, there moves the spirit of the Divine. Now and then it rises close to the surface, and we detect its presence in pure hearts pouring themselves forth in good deeds for which no recompense is asked or expected. Sometimes it breaks through and runs as a sweet stream spreading verdure on either side, like the Quaker relief service in the war. Some day it will burst forth as a mighty flood, and make the waste places of our world to blossom as the rose. It is for this, the deep and ofttimes hidden spring of life, that we must give thinks. This spring is Emmanuel, "God with us"—a fountain to cleanse and save us in the end.

The peace plans for the Bok Prize are all in—many thousands of them. We imagine that they comprise every device for international accord ever conceived by the human mind. But we prophesy with utmost confidence that the prize-winning plan will be nothing more nor less than a new program for getting the United States into the League of Nations. We believe this not because such a program has or can have any merit, but because we are convinced that the Bok scheme from beginning to end is simply one more attempt to galvanize into life the dead campaign for the membership of this country in the Geneva body. It has been timed with a nicety which is impressive—the prize to be announced and the popular referendum held in the six months immediately preceding the presidential conventions. The judges are a hand-picked group of men and women long since committed to the League of Nations as "the one way out." Lastly we have amazing evidence that the authorities of the Bok Peace Plan Contest have been working hand and glove with the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association. Thus everybody writing to the Bok office for information about the contest, has promptly received a letter from the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association and the Woman's Pro-League Council offering the books and pamphlets of these two organizations as literature of value in the writing of peace plans. The whole character and purpose of the scheme are unmistakable. William Hard sums it up admirably when he says in the Washington *Times* (November 8)—

The famous "Bok Peace Plan Contest" . . . is no mere effort toward getting simply an academic peace plan. It is also a part of an earnest endeavor specifically to promote the League of Nations and specifically to get a League of Nations plank into the platforms of both political parties in 1924.

Be not deceived, dear friends; the Peace Plan will produce exactly what it was created to produce!

As Germany goes down, down, the worst elements in her life come up, up! Every hour of disintegration

and despair seems to bring nearer the triumph of monarchistic reaction. The Bavarian "putsch" failed not because it was a revolution but because it was Bavarian. Whatever happens, Prussia does not propose to forfeit the hegemony of Germany; the restored monarchy therefore must be Prussian. Hence, with the full approval of Stresemann, the Crown Prince returns from his exile, amid loud noises of protestation and excitement from the ex-Kaiser at Doorn. It is doubtful if a more sinister figure has appeared in German life since the passing of the Kaiser and his entourage, than this man Stresemann. His crimes against his own countrymen and the people of Europe multiply daily. He surrenders on the passive resistance issue, betrays the inhabitants of the Ruhr to their French overlords who stay right where they are and thus as usual betray the traitor. Next, he gives free rein to Stinnes and his pirate crew of industrialists to bargain with the French magnates for the employment of the slave labor of the Ruhr for their mutual profit. Then he invades Saxony, ousts the "red" ministry in constitutional control of the country, and occupies it as though it were an invaded province. Meanwhile he does nothing to the usurping monarchist government in Bavaria save to keep it in control until he can pull off his own little monarchist game with the old-time Hohenzollerns. We did not imagine that any statesman could be worse than Poincaré, but in Stresemann we have one. Poincaré, however stupid and cruel, is at least honest! Meanwhile, the people of Germany are paying the price—betrayed afresh exactly as they were in 1914. It seems impossible, however, that docility can continue forever. Must there not soon come an end to the Stresemanns and the Stinneses, the Ludendorfs, the Kaisers, the princes and the monarchists generally, in the flood-like uprising of an outraged people!

We have consistently declined in these columns to take any stock in the reputed rehabilitation of Austria by the League of Nations. We have taken this attitude of incredulity not because of any "contrariness," not even because of any special knowledge in the case, but simply and solely because of the dictates of common sense. There are certain facts of geography, certain conditions of political and economic life, which have been fixed by the Treaty of St. Germain; and until these are altered, the recovery of Austria from ruin is impossible. The loan made to her has of course staved off disaster for a time, as it has certainly also brought prosperous pickings to the bankers thereby privileged to exploit this unhappy people. But as well expect charity to a legless beggar on the street-corner to transform him into a prosperous business man, as this device of imperialistic finance to save Austria. This has been our position from the beginning. And we find it now fully confirmed by Prof. Herbert Adams Gibbons in his new book, "Europe Since 1918." Says Mr. Gibbons, page 341-344:

> The measures imposed (in Austria) and the aid given by the League of Nations are only palliatives. They have not solved the problem; they have only postponed for a brief time the solution. "Austria," I was told by Dr. Grünberger, minister of foreign affairs, "is like a man whose arms and legs have been cut off, but who is all the same expected to walk and work. We are being given arms, but are told that this is just to tide us over. Tide us over to what?" . . . Under the conditions of the Treaty of St. Germain, Austria cannot work out any scheme of independent existence. Nor have the almsgivers presented . . . a way of salvation. . . . The acceptance of the present status of Austria as permanent by the League of Nations indicates the subserviency of that supposedly international organization to the interests of certain powers. The Council of the League has postponed the collapse of Austria . . . by offering a solution that took into account the transcendent interests of members of the Council.

We find it difficult to be reconciled to the reconciliation between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd-George. The English Liberals, it seems to us, are distinctive only in the sense that they have believed in the worth of *principle,* and have tried to make principle to be dominant in the political life of the British realm. Just to mention such names as Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman, and John Morley is to illumine what we mean. But there could be no matter of principle in this business of bringing Asquith and Lloyd-George together on the old party platform in the present Parliamentary campaign. The thing was nothing but a clever political trick, which sacrificed an honorable man to a dishonest gambler for the sake of winning a few extra stakes in the electioneering game. Mr. J. M. Robertson states the situation with admirable clarity in his recent book, "Mr. Lloyd-George and Liberalism." On page 51, he says:

> Certain journalists of his (Lloyd George's) *claque,* well qualified for their task, continue to serve him by demanding that "personal" differences should not be allowed to delay Liberal re-union. The burglar who, meeting a victim after an interval, invited him to let by-gones be by-gones, might the more usefully serve in Mr. George's brigade inasmuch as he certainly had the gift of humor which Mr. George has latterly lost. In the story, the burglar, having "gone to the war," was treated with politeness, though it is not recorded that he was invited to dinner.

Of course, in this reconciliation between the two leaders, it is Mr. Lloyd-George alone who will gain anything. If the election is lost to the Liberals, as it probably will be, Mr. Lloyd-George has at least escaped from outer darkness, and can warm his toes by the hearth-fire of the old party. If the election is by any chance won, then Mr. Lloyd George will be given a portfolio in the Asquith cabinet, just as before; and just as before will in due time sand-bag his chief and become prime-minister again. We are sorry for Mr. Asquith—and the Liberals!

There still remains in the Middle West a desire on the part of certain reactionaries, who are looking hard for some shibboleth which will be at once a rallying point for patriots and a vote-getter, to make their last stand on Bolshevism. It is a lovely word. It

makes so much more of a mouthful than Socialism! But this policy involves applying this delicious epithet to the discontented farmers; and even the die-hards of the old regime, who have fought every progressive movement in the Middle West for the past quarter of a century, are finding it more and more difficult to persuade themselves that they are going to win the farmers' vote by shaking a red flag in their faces. The truth is that the scare does not work. Witness the election of Brookheart in Iowa and Johnson in Minnesota! Some other scarecrow must be discovered or invented. Calling the farmer a Bolshevist, a "red," a bloody revolutionary, is not only silly but is really funny. If there is any group in America that is dyed-in-the-wool conservative, it is that which is composed of farmers. It is true that they will heap all sorts of maledictions on the railroads and on Wall Street. They will be sore when prices of farm products are low and will be cantankerous when prices of machinery, etc., are high. But they are individualistic to the highest degree and almost impossible to organize. Certain forms of co-operation are slowly making headway among them, but slowly, painfully slowly. This is not to say that there is no determined effort among the farmers to improve their condition. They have followed leaders innumerable and tried remedies one after another. But neither disappointment in men nor failure of plans has changed their persistent effort to find some way out. So these hard-headed individualistic folk laugh at the men who call them Bolshevists and keep pegging away. They may be the very ones who will lead America away from the lure of Imperialism to the more quiet waters of Peace. Of this we are sure, that the American farmers are not plotting to bring on a bloody revolution. Neither Brookheart nor Johnson will lead any mob down Pennsylvania Avenue.

The Christian Advocate is carrying on a lusty warfare against *Zion's Herald* on the Russian issue. The editor of the *Advocate,* like most hard-and-fast opponents of the Soviets, has to emphasize that his opinions "do not depend upon 'hearsay' . . ." but "on an unshakable foundation of direct proof." Yet, when we examine the facts in the case, we discover that, whereas the editor of *Zion's Herald* has been in Russia and seen for himself, the editor of *The Christian Advocate* has been no nearer Moscow than the western shores of the Atlantic. Furthermore, while Dr. Hartmann names his sources of confirmatory information—sarcastically paraded by his opponent as "John Haynes Holmes, canonizer of Lenin; Paxton Hibben, Soviet agent, and Mr. Hearst's kept journalist (Norman Hapgood)," the editor of the *Advocate,* as invariably in these cases, has to seek refuge in anonymity.

> "Our information," he explains, "has come at first hand from individuals who have traveled recently and extensively in Russia. Their names, if published, would gurantee their veracity and competence . . . We regret that these names must be for the present withheld, for it is well understood that otherwise their continuing interests in Russia would suffer at the hands of a government which has no mercy for those who oppose it."

All of which is "old stuff." It reminds us of the endless yarns that have been published under the Riga or Helsingfors date line, on the authority of persons whose names could not be published for fear of massacre! The editor of *Zion's Herald* is in the open. He names names, states facts, tells the things that he has seen and knows. The battle of rumor and innuendo and anonymous report gets nowhere against such a brave and honest antagonist. The attitude of *Zion's Herald* on the Russian question is a unique event, and is destined to be remembered as one of the lasting glories of American religious journalism.

The Temptation of Power

When the devil set Jesus on a pinnacle of the temple and urged him to cast himself down, he subjected the Master to what is perhaps the subtlest and most dangerous temptation that can beset a human being. Power is the path to perdition, and few are they who refuse to walk therein. The reasons are always plausible, the purposes commonly laudable, the consequences usually intangible, for they are written at first in character and only indirectly in conduct. For the most part, therefore, the tempted run eagerly to their own damnation, confident that they are doing good and not ill. Occasionally there arises one to say simply and magnificently, like the Man of Galilee, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

Most conspicuously, and in external results most disastrously, does the temptation present itself to men grouped in organized states. From the days of Babylon and Egypt, ever since the world has had written records, the might of political organization has been used to gratify the restless itch for power. Cyrus and Alexander, Cæsar and Attila and Genghis Khan, Napoleon and Bismarck—recorded history is one long roll of the fallen men who were not strong enough and wise enough and good enough to resist the wiles of the tempter forever suggesting that they benefit their fellow-men by imposing their own will upon others, and who consequently went on from one act of moral violence to another, and from moral violence to physical violence, until they drenched the world in blood. Sometimes we call them statesmen, and palliate their offenses against humanity by recounting their achievements as organizers. It is a feeble defense, for it may be doubted whether their acts did not represent at bottom, in the one case as in the other, essentially the desire to

exercise dominion, a desire whose gratification carries men down to the lowest depths of human nature.

Happy indeed are the small nations. Their rulers at least are spared the temptation to try and lord it over the world, and their people are spared the moral degradation involved in justifying such acts. The governors of Norway and Denmark and Switzerland today may seek a tyranny, but it can be only a tyranny over their own. The rulers of the United States and Great Britain and France and Japan, on the other hand, must spend their days and nights devising reasons why we, the chosen people, ought to bless the rest of the world with our superior civilization, our higher moral standards, our better vacuum cleaners. That we slaughter our neighbors in the operation is a misfortune. That in our own thought and feeling we identify ourselves with our rulers in subjecting the will of those neighbors to our own is a moral disaster. That we are able to give reasons to ourselves why this ought to be so, that we become the sort of persons who can thus completely muddle our intellectual and ethical notions so as to act in a fog of misdirected moral idealism, is a catastrophe of character whose extent is but imperfectly indicated by the concrete results that it brings in conduct.

Domestic tryanny springs from the same moral root as foreign. Let a public man yield to the desire for domination, and he and his supporters straightway find themselves in precisely the same moral abyss as in tyrannizing over strangers. The people, ignorant, brutish, obstinate, must be curbed and bossed for their own good. If they will not, then they must be compelled. Hence the courts, the police, the army as instruments of lordship. It is the path of power, and whoso walks therein walks at peril of his own soul, as all history and observation teach.

To most of us, however, the temptation of power presents itself in private, not public relations. The business man with far-reaching plans of financial aggrandizement or industrial achievement is forever tempted to the short and easy path of power. The priest, enjoying a supernatural sanction for his every word, is a rare man if he can resist the inclination to use his "Thus saith Jehovah" as a weapon of power, not an instrument of persuasion. The teacher, placed always in a position of authority over his juniors in years or in learning, must be forever on the watch if he is not to betray the truth by depending on that authority to carry conviction rather than by trusting to the self-attesting character of the truth itself. But perhaps no other relation in life involves the temptation in so seductive a form as the relation of parent to child. The helplessness of the child and his unquestioning loyalty offer the parent an opportunity for despotic rule unequaled elsewhere. Hence the ordinary family is too often only a petty tyranny, a tyranny qualified only by the weakness and folly of the tyrants, a tyranny whose vices parade as virtues, a tyranny which extols unquestioning obedience as the last word in the morality of children.

In truth there is no man who is wholly exempt from the temptation and the peril of power. The peril lies not in the external results, but in the internal consequences. It is not what a man does, but what he becomes, that matters. Committing the unforgivable sin of self-assertion at cost of others, he becomes a man whose ultimate test of right and wrong, of good and ill, is his own will, his own desire, his own thought, his own belief. He goes down into the ultimate hell of selfishness, all unconscious in his self-righteousness of the path by which he is descending to the depths.

If then Satan forever lies in wait to tempt every man with the bait of power, wherein lies safety, wherein the possibility of serviceable living? In a profound regard for human personality and in an undeviating reverence for every one of God's creatures. Let the statesman realize that the men over whom he rules are unique human personalities, and he can rule no more. He may lead; he may teach; he may persuade, exhort, entreat, he may even scourge with whips and with scorpions, but he has become forever incapable of rule, of dominion, of power for power's sake. He may be the servant of his people, their teacher, their guide and friend and counselor, and thereby he may exercise over them the power of a Confucius or a Socrates or a Jesus, but the power of a Louis XIV or a Romanoff has become to that man an impossibility. The business man who has recognized the common men who work in his mill or shop for what they are, distinctive human beings, each with his own unique possibilities, can no longer lord it over them. He will guide, direct, teach, reprove, at need command, but he can no longer boss; for so to do would be to violate his own deepest understanding of his relation to the world of which he is a part.

It is the same in every aspect of life. Let the priest reverence his parishioner, the teacher his student, the parent his child, and the temptation of power ceases to be a temptation, for the very suggestion of domination becomes an abomination. I cannot dominate, except over inferiors, and a world of unique personalities is one in which I recognize neither superiors nor inferiors, but only differing beings, for each of whom in the nature of things I have the same respect as for myself. In attempting to exercise power over them, in violating their personality, I do violence to myself, and in self-defense I turn from the temptation of power. I no longer seek or desire it. Rather I loathe it as a violation of my own conception of myself and my rightful relation to the world in which I live. That conception I cannot violate without degradation. Hence the temptation of power no longer tempts me.

Only as that temptation ceases to tempt men individually can it cease to tempt them collectively. It is a long and weary road that is thus marked out for hu-

manity to follow, a road along which men will not travel collectively until their spirit and their organization alike have experienced striking changes. But in the meantime the individual need not share the collective folly and the collective sin personally, even though he cannot in all cases avoid it in his capacity as a part of the organization. Once he has seen the vision of humanity, and power has ceased to tempt him, thenceforth he will walk serene, though the world pluck at his coat and cry, "Come and exercise dominion over us." He will walk humbly, fearlessly, joyfully. He will walk in the power of the spirit and he will do all that any human being can do, for his life will be saying every day, "If we live in the spirit, let us also walk in the spirit."

H. R. MUSSEY.

Jottings

Professor Edward A. Steiner, of Grinnell College, is an old friend of UNITY. We are not surprised to find him saying some true things about the European situation. "If Premier Poincaré would stop talking for a month," he says, "and give the French people a chance to think straight, the Ruhr problem would be settled without a conference of experts." As regards the general state of affairs, Professor Steiner is pessimistic. "We are entering a dark age," he says, "darker than the Middle Ages. The two forces which are putting out the light are injustice and intolerance."

Watch the currency exchange! The mark has disappeared, the pound and the franc are slowly but surely going down. Like the barometer on the bridge of the ship, the exchange shows accurately what is coming.

S. Stanwood Menken, of the National Security League, declares that the Bolsheviki are building zeppelins "to extend their area of rapine and annihilation to our shores," and may descend upon us at "any moment." He states that there are 600,000 Communists in America—more than there are in Russia itself, by the way (God, how we wish there were!). He sounds a call to arms against invasions from without and revolutions from within. We agree with the *Freeman* that, in a case like this of Mr. Menken, "it would help if he consulted an alienist."

The award of the Nobel Prize for Literature goes this year to William Butler Yeats. No award could be more fitting, save only an award to Thomas Hardy. The more fitting the award each year, the more wonder grows that the greatest of contemporary English novelists and poets is still unrecognized.

We never thought to see it again, but here it is in a headline in the New York *Evening Post* (November 16)—"Forecasts Early Bolshevik Collapse." The prophet this time is Pitirim Sorokin, late professor at the University of Petrograd. Hope sure "springs eternal."

The Entente between England and France seems still to survive. But we are beginning to wonder if, like certain marriages, it ought not to be broken in the name of decency. We have long been an advocate in such cases of divorce.

J. H. H.

In the Heart of Europe

Editorial Correspondence.

Berlin, June 22nd.—I have just returned from a week's trip to Munich, Vienna, Budapest and Prague—going from Vienna to Budapest on the Danube. Every hour was full of sensations. I must confine myself to the impressions that were the deepest, and especially those which bear upon the important subject of peace and war—for I confess that there is but one lamp by which my feet are guided and this is the search for the way of peace.

Munich left a distaste. I know, cities are like people and appear differently on different days; and then weather, the porter at the hotel, a cinder in the eye, make a lot of difference in the temper of the observer. I had seen Munich in 1900 and 1910, on the way to Oberammergau. It had impressed me with its art-galleries and music halls. This time—having only a few hours—I for once took a "rubber-neck wagon" and rolled through streets and parks and past great buildings. The "English Park," laid out by a philanthropic American, is very attractive. The naming of streets after men, like Goethe, Schiller, Mozart, etc., is interesting—although as I go more about the world my opposition to the custom of honoring the dead increases. It is turning our cities into graveyards. Such monuments of victory! Here were cannon taken from the Turks! And here cannon taken from the French in 1870. It must give the citizens a pain to see these now. Munich seemed to be a city in which royalty had been memorialized—in street names, parks, buildings, squares and monuments. It all seems to be such a waste of good effort and material! And Ernest Toller, citizen—a gifted poet—in prison!

And Vienna—I fear I got off on the wrong foot in Vienna. It was my first visit. I had heard often of Vienna being the most beautiful city in Europe. I had read of the Turks—in the 16th century—having been turned back at Vienna and civilization thus saved. But Vienna seems to be less beautiful for situation than Prague or Budapest—and less interesting in history. I heard some opera that needed fumigation badly.

As for the Turks—my friend Goodsell told me—I had read it before but had forgotten—that there are two sides to the story of the Turks. When the Turks came up from Central Asia they were met by the Crusaders (once called "holy," I believe—for have I not seen their tombs in the old churches in London?) and for 200 years there was "dripping with blood a plenty—but it was Turkish blood." And these Turks who "thundered at the gates of Vienna," were really more highly "civilized" than some of our ancestors. Really, to enjoy the history of one's boyhood, one ought not to travel. My friend Goodsell is right: There is "need now of a new interpretation of Christ to the Moslem world!" It will have to be brand new! It must start with the understanding that Christ has been falsely presented; and that Turks are just like Americans and Greeks—no better, no worse. Curzon "superiority" must be eliminated at the start; for Moslems have suffered at the hands of Christians just as much as the reverse.

From Vienna to Budapest—the best way to go is by the Danube. It is a daylight ride of twelve hours on a comfortable boat, and inexpensive. The scenery is disappointing—nothing to compare with the Hudson or the Rhine. (It gets better, I am told, below Budapest.) There are few towns. The boat made only one stop, simply because there are few towns at which to stop. This is a fact that never ceases to cause surprise to an American—the apparently uncrowded condition of Europe. Great estates in England—for miles and miles. Great spaces in Germany. So in Austria and Hungary. You have learned that the Danube is not "blue"—as in song.

The Danube is certainly exciting when one remembers that it has been the great artery of human life, ever since man frequented this region. The Slavs, the Turks, the Greeks, the Romans, the Germans have all passed and repassed this way—and left their marks. Along this highway commerce, religion, education have gone—and warriors of all nations. Possibly it has been the greatest single factor in the production of European civilization.

Budapest is beautifully situated. It is a hyphenated city—Buda being on the right bank and Pest on the left of the Danube. These cities were married and joined by several bridges—one of them a suspension bridge. With the castle on the Buda side, and Parliament House on the Pest side; with Margaret Island midway, and the Danube providing a graceful curve at this point, Budapest will linger long in the memory. Aside from the fact that I got caught in another opera—that should be buried deep in lime—all happened as though ordered. I got into "good company." Some one was kind enough to introduce us to Bela Szabade. He is a native of Budapest, and of course a Hungarian or as he calls himself a Magyar. He spoke good English—although he has never been out of Hungary but once and then to Switzerland. He is teacher of Greek and Latin in a school of 800 boys—a school of the Covenanters (Presbyterians). I was not prepared to hear that Presbyterianism had gone so far eastward. From him I learned many things about Hungary. I was startled to hear that she had lost two-thirds of her former territory (1914): I was not surprised to see in a public square four monuments to four provinces that had been "appropriated" by neighbors—and these monuments decorated!

I went to the Technical College, saw students and faculty and heard speaches in three languages and gazed at a big motto overhead "Ut Omnes Unum Sint." It was a reception to a hundred students from 42 nations, who were about to hold a conference on Student Relief—relief in which American students have had an honorable part. What has been done runs into millions of dollars. Fine! Especially when one is not satisfied with "relief." Should like to write of the relief work done throughout Europe. I heard a good deal about the revolutions, especially of Bela Kun. People were a bit shy in talking. Those I met were sceptics on the topic of bolshevism. These also felt that Hungary had been betrayed by the League of Nations.

Speaking of students reminds me that out of poverty has come to the students of Europe a great blessing. They have been *compelled to work*. Previously, they belonged to a special, privileged class. Nothing has done more to bring labor and learning together than poverty. It is a high price to pay; but if the student class can be proletarianized it will mean much for the coming culture of the world. In America learning and labor have never been separated as in Europe.

I attended the Commencement exercises of the Covenanters' School. The church was packed. Diplomas were given out. A visit to Parliament House is worth while—the most striking one I have ever entered. As an almost perfect blending of beauty and dignity and utility, I doubt if it is surpassed in all the world. I visited the great "Settlement House" at New Pest—in what is called the poor district. This is worthy—in proportions and outfit—to be mentioned among the best "settlements" of the world. It is remarkable in the fact that it is part of the educational machinery of the government.

I must hasten on to Prague—capital of the new Czecho-Slovakia. This will always be "Bohemia" to me, for, did I not live for a year among the Bohemians, in the Pilsen district of Chicago—Blue Island Avenue and 18th street? Did I not know well Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Adams who were for 20 years in Prague "missionaries to the Bohemians," and later 20 years among the Bohemians of Chicago?

Prague is of all these cities the most interesting. There is a winding river, a castle and a cathedral (a trifle more musty and gloomy than others). There are hills. There is Wallenstein's great house. There is a monument to John Huss: the church where he did things and the place where he was burned. Prague has been a town where things started—especially wars. The 30 years' war started in this region. The Bohemian strikes me as the Irishman of Europe—cheerful, quick-witted (running circles around his phlegmatic neighbors), given to agitation, lover of liberty, but not always wise in knowing how to treat liberty he may have ardently courted and won.

A Sunday (June 17th) in Prague was a memorable day. In the forenoon a group of us—all Americans—were shown some of the sights—the bridges, Powder Tower, the Cathedral, the Castle—by one of the professors in the University that has 18,000 students. It was the same old story—with variations—at the Cathedral and Castle, only a bit worse. When I see how man plasters himself with superstitions, follies, silver-plate and iron-clad, and apparently does his worst to make himself ridiculous—in the realm of religion and government—I can understand the ethics and, perhaps, necessity of the Deluge. I can see only one benefit in visiting castles, cathedrals and monasteries—to learn

how not to do things. If we pity the priests of the Aztecs, of Baal and of Moloch—why not their modern successors?

In the afternoon I strolled into the old part of Prague. I stood under the monument of John Huss—in the Town Square—and listened to an Englishman, through an interpreter, delivering the Gospel of the Salvation Army. This is the way I summed it up. John Huss was a brave man—braver than myself, I'm willing to allow. He was, however, a dogmatist, a fighter. He was responsible for much strife. Many of his followers had hands dripping with blood. The Catholic reaction that came back and overwhelmed his movement was a worse catholicism than before. 'Tis ever thus. I am compelled to say—though it destroys many paragraphs in old sermons—that Prague teaches that mankind needs the spirit and personality of Jesus, not of John Huss.

I next went to the old Jewish burial-ground and synagogue. Some 20,000 Jews have been buried in this "God's acre"—on top of each other. One can but be moved by the memory of the suffering that has found expression here: for, the Jews of Prague were not loved by either Catholics or Protestants. "Yet, the more they persecuted them, the more they prospered." When I entered the synagogue joining the cemetery—just how and when religion and death got joined I should like to know—the warden motioned to me to put on my hat, which, on entering, I had removed from custom. In the cathedral one is told to remove his hat—both customs to inculcate reverence. One church says to women: Hats off! Another says, Hats on! It is difficult to please the saints; which is conclusive proof that there is more than one road to heaven. This synagogue is about 1,000 years old—the oldest in Europe, I believe, measured by continuous service of worship. It is a rare little curiosity, in which the men (about 50) sit in double row around the room, a room which has on one side three deep converging recesses, at the end of which are tiny glass-panes through which Rebeccas and Hannahs and Ruths can peep, while their brothers seek God.

Sunday night I heard an opera of another kind—Smetana's "Dalibor"—with music so tender and sweet, with love so chaste that I shouldn't be surprised to hear some of its strains in heaven. I had heard the story of "Dalibor," the imprisoned violinist, that morning as we walked down the hill from the castle.

Monday forenoon a group of us visited the Club House at the University. It was initiated by the American Y.M.C.A. It has 4,000 members (men and women), who enjoy reading room, gymnasium, restaurant privileges, etc. It is cosmopolitan in character, its membership being drawn from 20 nationalities. Again tally one for the Y.M.C.A. Man was made for brotherhood.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The Question of Honor

There has been much talk, loose talk, about the "dishonor of Germany."

It is perhaps time to indulge in some straight talk about this whole matter of "honor."

The Germans! The yellow dogs. They have dishonored their pledge to pay at Versailles in every way, evading, debasing their currency on purpose, lying. They are laughing in their sleeves with their country untouched, their equipment in perfect repair. The war finished too soon. We should have gone on to Berlin. The Hun does not know he's beaten. If he suffers, he is but getting his just deserts. He plunged a peace-seeking world into the bloodiest war of history. We hope Poincaré rubs it into him until every last German knows he's licked. He doesn't know what "honor" means.

This is a chorus that I have heard many people sing. I am quite sure that it is not a Christian chorus. At any rate I can hardly fancy Jesus joining in it.

But aside from its un-Christian tone, it is not true.

In the first place, the Germans are not yellow dogs. They are a brave people that have recently suffered and sinned under an immoral leadership. They were duped into thinking that they were fighting for the safety of the Fatherland and for the spread of a superior culture. They have endured with an astonishing patience through nine years of dreadful privation for the rank and file, and through the last ten months of economic strangulation. They have clung to the fragments of government long past the time when able students have predicted utter collapse. No honest and informed American can survey this record of patience and endurance and call them yellow without perjuring his soul.

In the second place they have not made every possible effort to evade payment. On the contrary in spite of privation and despair that only those who have been on the inside of recent German life can begin to appreciate, they have made in some ways a remarkable effort to pay. In popular elections Erzberger, Rathenau, Liebknecht, Cuno, Wirt, Stresemann, have all been selected on the platform of "Erfuhlung"—reparations payment. When the Ruhr was invaded they had already paid ten times the indemnity of 1870, under vastly greater economic difficulties. They offered in 1919 thousands of German workers to go into the devastated area to rebuild the shattered homes, and were refused. They shipped English coal into the Ruhr, while Ruhr coal was being shipped to France. And the great masses against whom the unspeakable cruelty of the Ruhr strangulation has its direst effect, the working men of Germany with their twenty to thirty cents a day, paid 80 per cent of the taxes.

"They voluntarily debased their currency."

Permit a question to the thoughtful. Would a great and able nation with the examples of the ruble and the kronen, Russian and Austrian misery, before her eyes, voluntarily commit the same brand of suicide? Is it necessary to remind a sane man that when a nation's imports and exports stand in the ratio of ten to one, when her gold reserve has thus flowed into other countries, when she cannot balance her budget without printing paper, when mounting prices exhaust "rolling currency" thus automatically closing down on all business that depends upon the existence of a medium of exchange, when an outside nation seizes trillions of her money and dumps them upon the London market, when confidence is shattered and the farmer will not release his products,—the printing presses must run wild, and the mark must fall? Of course, Stinnes and the other vultures gathered about the carrion. But the carrion precedes the vulture.

"The Hun does not know that he is beaten. He plunged a peace-loving world into the bloodiest war of history. He must suffer."

In the first place the German people are not Huns.

They are human beings who love their children, who are stirred by great movements for justice and peace just as are their Anglo-Saxon relatives across the Channel and across the Atlantic. They have their good and their bad, their Heine and their Nietzsche, just as we have our Whitman and our lesser Nietzsches. A just God has a special chastisement reserved for people who look four thousand miles across the sea and call seventy million people, whom they do not know, "Huns."

The German knows that he is beaten. How could he help it when workers get 12 to 30 cents a day, when teachers and editors receive five dollars a month, when 95,000 in Berlin alone are fed by Quaker relief, when the nation's industrial heart has been cut out and coal lands stripped away?

What is meant is that Germany doesn't act as if she were beaten. She shows a perverse unwillingness to do what the Allies want her to do. She resists French measures that she doesn't like. She talks back when Monsieur Poincaré lays down the law.

I agree. Germany doesn't crawl on the ground and execute General Dagouette's orders in terrified silence, and tremblingly fall in with Poincaré's ultimatums, regardless of what those orders or ultimatums may be. The question lurks. What would America in her heart of hearts think of a country that could act as beaten as that?

"Germany plunged a peace-loving . . ."

Such a weariness settles on the old world when we hark back to war guilt. Now that the smoke is blown away, a perverse honesty is asserting itself in European peoples. They know that while Germany's war guilt was terrific, Kaiserism was but part of an international mixture that was inevitably to explode in a great war. We have before us those damning documents revealing the pan-Slav plot of Russia and Serbia against Austria-Hungary. We read the tell-tale words of Poincaré concerning Alsace-Lorraine, uttered in 1911. Brutal history informs us of the efforts of nations that had already secured colonial expansion to deny outlet and commercial development to a Germany of 70 millions, able to feed herself only five days a week from her own soil.

The guilt of Germany is in part a specific, tangible sin, all her own. But supremely the greater guilt of Germany was her even share in an incredibly evil system of commercial and military competition in which the jingoists of all nations were evil engineers.

It is not mere hypocrisy, nor yet a guilty conscience, that prompts people to rant of "sole guilt." It is naïve and colossal ignorance of the currents and undertows that, Germany, or no Germany, Sarajevo, or no Sarajevo, were rushing the world towards war.

Who shall cast a stone? The land of Napoleon, or of the perpetrators of the Corfu massacre? The land that lynches Negroes and ravaged Haiti, or the land that mustered the Blacks and Tans and helped itself without ruth or temperance to the lands of the backward peoples of earth? The land of the Czar and the icy Siberian hell, the land of Leopold, or the coalition of lands that poured the hail of death upon Russia as she struggled like a great dazed giant to rise to her feet after shackled centuries? Who dare cast the stone?

There will be no real justice until nations learn humility. And even then,—"Vengeance is mine," saith Jehovah.

I am frank to say that I do not want to see Germany crawling like a slave cur at the feet of any people. I know no nation whose feet are clean enough. Let Germany confess her own guilt to God, and—let the world join in an universal confession.

"The Germans have broken their honor, their honor pledged on the dotted line at Versailles." So say we Allies with a fine gesture of disgust. For, surely, we are "honorable" nations!

I am told that powerful elements in Germany have schemed to frustrate payments, in contrast to the efforts of the general masses in behalf of payment. I do not know. I only know that after an examination of the Allied honor at Versailles, I marvel that she has been willing to pay one gold mark into the treasury of that unspeakable diplomacy that sold out the idealism of the world in the travesty of that first treaty. "Treaty?" We did not "treat" at Versailles. We parted the spoils while Germany cooled her heels.

Is it not by a sinister logic that today Poincaré corners the spoils while the world cools its heels?

In 1918 a document went over the lines, signed by Robert Lansing, guaranteeing peace based on the 14 points if Germany would lay down her arms. The 14 points that pinned up the corners of the heaven of a new international idealism; that rallied 90 per cent of the German people in a revolution against the Hohenzollern dynasty and the Potsdam crew; that did more to bring the spirit of democracy to Europe than all the armies and all the hot spilled blood of recorded time; that broke the back of German militarism and sent Ludendorff scrambling to sign an armistice agreement that left Germany helpless in the allied hands.

Can we forget the paean of praise in which friend and enemy joined? Peace! Peace! Can we forget how speech was paralyzed in the suffering of sudden and mighty relief? The world was saved for Democracy! That speech so pharasaic now was a prayer of thankfulness then. The Rhine was forgotten as people on either bank sent up their common gratitude to God.

Then Versailles and weary months. Clemenceau slouched silently in his chair, Lloyd George played his mercurial way through the mazes of diplomacy; Wilson plead, threatened, wavered and pitifully broke, while the world was sold back to Sheol. And Germany waited outside the door. It was Versailles and a dotted line when at last the "enemy" delegates were ushered in. "We can not sign," they said.

Fifty years ago Bismarck assessed France 4½ per cent of her wealth. She was aghast. But England stepped to her side and a loan was shouldered and Prussia was paid in three years' time. France still owes a part of that debt to **England.**

Versailles charged Germany 79 per cent of her national wealth by reliable estimate. And the 14 points guaranteed with America's honor that no indemnity but only reparation for wanton damage should be assessed! What nation has been so rash as to suggest that the Versailles "Reparations" be shouldered by an international loan? Bismarck retired in proportion as the debt was paid. The occupation of German soil is scheduled to hold every inch until the last chimeric gold mark is paid.

We can not sign. You have broken a promise pledged in honor. On that pledge we laid down our arms. And you ask the impossible. We will not sign.

Then the hunger blockade! Slow starvation. The masses lifted disillusioned faces to the new Repub-

lican government and opened ears to those that preached a Lenin or a Bismarck. "Wilson and his 14 points! Bah! The light that failed." Is there not reason for that bitter cry?

And so because little ones were starving and because sanity and pride crumble when loved ones cry for bread, the Germans signed. At the point of the hunger-bayonet, they signed. A betrayal—a travesty, but—they signed.

This was the basis of the "honor" of the "peace"!

I am an American. In "patriotism's" name I prayed, God forgive me, I cursed, I hated, I offered to kill. In Christ's and Democracy's name I did all these things. . . .

But I cannot let a stricken people's honor go undefended.

We broke faith with a beaten nation. We trampled on the heads of a people who were down. We offered to treat and we ended by dictating under threat of famine. We struck an antagonist after he was helpless. With these eyes I have seen his suffering. My soul recoils. I am haunted day and night by his accusing eyes.

Poincaré plays checkers with the lives of distraught millions. He sells his people with lying promises of reparations and safety, to a policy that means the suicide of France, famine and democracy's overthrow for the Germans, the partial starvation of English millions, the paralysis of the American farmer, the end of Western Civilization, and—more war!

It is a deliberate, dastardly, unbelievable crime.

With sixty thousand lives we gave this power into the hands of the betrayers of France.

With 110 million American voices let America now speak to the people of France—betrayed France—that this thing shall not go on.

Terre Haute, Indiana JOHN W. HERRING.

An Autumn Day

These early mornings are too beautiful to miss. When one's breakfast seat faces the woods, one drinks in its wonders with every sip of coffee; the tall oak trees with their tops of gold and red and brown against the blue sky, their branches waving and tossing and beckoning. How keen one feels to get out into the air—fresh washed it seems, so crisp and cool! The landscape changes every day, tones deepen, leaves fall, giving unfamiliar glimpses of the open country beyond, and the sky and water vary almost momentarily.

Today the lake was never so blue—a deep sapphire; the sun shone brightly and the waves rippled from shore to shore. The sky was mauve grey with scarcely a cloud except, here and there, a tiny white one which looked like ravelled wool, and over lake and hills and woods hung a purple mist. The wooded hills slope to the water's edge and are so beautiful in their autumn coloring; the woodbine has discarded its first autumn robe of vivid scarlet, and trails the shore and climbs the rocks and tree trunks—a deep rich wine color. Many of the oaks, cotton-woods, and lindens are still freshly green, but the other trees have deepened and brightened within the past few days.

Close by a grove of sombre evergreens there is a tree so covered with bitter-sweet, the berries trailing over its leafless branches, that it appears one gorgeous orange mass. The whole green shore is garlanded with pastel and an occasional note of scarlet, orange or deep ruddy red. A solitary tree in a green field, with its leafless branches half way up its trunk, its slender top with a tuft of brown leaves, looks like a huge gray crane. Far up, on the hilltop beyond the woods a fringe of willows outlines the rambling road.

Wherever one turns, a different view unfurls. Here is a sheltered bay, its low shores still green, the aster and the golden rod gleaming against the white birch, some of which stand erect, while others bend to kiss the water. There is a shallow inlet, its brown reeds undulating with the weight of the red-winged blackbirds; again a pond, almost hidden from the casual observer, its lily pads iridescent in the sunlight;—across the lake a slender peninsula, with one lone pine and behind it, woods of every hue and, above, water towers, their cream colored sides half covered with vines, garlands of woodbine hanging from their red tiled roofs.

By noon cloud and haze had disappeared, and the sky became quite, quite blue. The water sparkled and gleamed and the bass jumped and splashed and tempted the eager fishermen.

Just before sundown, the migrating birds commenced their chattering and twittering, and the rustle of their wings was everywhere. The red headed woodpeckers, the yellow hammers, the plovers, with their golden legs, and striped breasts of black and white, the robins and noisy blue jays and the beautiful blue birds, are still with us. The blackbirds gather in huge flocks and wend their way southward; the wild ducks fly across the lake in search of night-quarters, and sometimes rest upon its surface. The various warblers, quite strange to this locality, stop and give us a song or two.

A huge fish-hawk has been hovering about the lake for the past week. Today he flew high into the air, poised a second, and dived swiftly to the lake. He landed with such force that the spray rose twenty feet into the air; then the hawk arose with a fish in its beak, but the weight of the water on wings and back bore it, again and again, to the lake. At last it arose, victorious, gave its wings a mighty shake and flew off to the shore to enjoy its hard-earned meal.

Then the clouds gathered in the west and the sun sank behind a purple mass, peeping through the crevices as if to bid the world good night, with the promise of a gorgeous morrow.

H. S. N.

Pioneers of Today

The name of "Pioneer" bears with it a spiritual significance which is stimulating, dynamic, inspiring. Traditions inherited in childhood keep alive that stimulus and inspiration. The early lesson of American history, of the coming of Columbus and later of Pilgrims and Puritans, awakens thrills of delight in the retrospection. Memories of the Leatherstocking Tales of Cooper linger as clinching proofs to us of the wonder of the great West. Withal, the thought of Murray Grove and of Gloucester where Universalism was born bears a dynamic impulse as testimony of a pioneer spirit which can never die.

It is great to live in the age of pioneers, and to feel the glow, the thrill, the wonder of such divine moments of inspired living. We too would feel this joy of the pioneers. Certain events transpiring in these passing years suggest that the work of the pioneer is not dead. The Youth Movement in Germany, the stir among the youth of China, the awakening interest of Liberal Clubs and "socialist" groups here at home are convincing testimony. Our age is alive. My generation is alert and eager. It is waiting to be shown the way.

In view of this real need it is surely of interest to discern if we can what are some of the forward visions of this post-war age. Who then are the pioneers of today? And how may we prove heroic, and responsive?

The heroism of yesterday may be the cowardice of today. The achievements and courses which were noble and brilliant in the hearts of our fore-fathers may be the undermining influences of our age. Their wake may be wretched weakness, narrow bigotry, moral stupor. Let us see how such a condition grows, —in society and in individual lives. To do this roll back for a time the curtain of history and observe the world of 1823.

In government, the United States were in the formative period, the period of experimentation and infantile development. So in France with an even more recent conception the whole society was being baptized in that series of contortions and reversions which lasted for well nigh three quarters of a century. The other countries of the world were at this time undergoing that slow but profound change in government which was to result in the creation of the many democracies which dominate the world of our day. These were days full of excitement and pioneer movement in government, when men of heroism and of stalwart manhood stepped upon the political stage and lived for ideals at the cost of office and of popularity. When new governments such as these, based upon the democratic spirit, were being created and perfected, the place of pioneers must be in the lead.

So in the industrial life—the enlargement of the productive life of the natural universe—in the days around 1823—our grandfathers were pressing themselves westward across the mountain ridges of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia, on through the fertile valley of the Mississippi over the vast prairie and the Rockies—to the very border of the Pacific. Those were stirring days when Daniel Boone, and Lewis and Clark were making that audacious and heroic march to the sea—to bring into the reality of the living present the vast stretch of hill and dale, valley and plateau.

Again in religion, a century ago our world was rife with a burst of enthusiasm and of progressive movement. It was in 1805 that Hozea Ballou published the declaration of Universalist independence in "A Treatise on Atonement." For half a century religious, or at least theological, excitement was great. Men and women went to church not merely to hear good musicians perform—I dare say that they shook the roof with their own sweet voices—or to see the minister perform acrobatic stunts, or to study the designs on the latest "Tut-skie" hat or gown. Ideas were vital to them and they listened with an eagerness to lengthy sermons, in order that they might go forth during the week and discuss the themes with heated fervor. Religion was real, dynamic, burning,

As I think myself back into those days I realize that those who created our great democracy took extreme joy in their work. They were strong men. They were serving God in statesmanship. They were building for the future. They were pioneers.

When I think of the men who explored and developed this wonderful America of ours—built its great railroad systems, bridged its mighty Mississippi, developed its fertile acres, and dug into its mines for their treasures, when this exciting panorama looms up in my vision, I am inspired. They too were pioneers.

When an understanding of the struggle which Murray and Channing, Parker and Ballou had in the theological world, to cross out the dictum of a muddled religious ecclesiasticism, which if it did not usher in the modern age of religion, at least shut out of men's thoughts the horror of a future life; when I realize that then this movement of Universalism was the outpost of religious progress, I recognize the forefathers of our Church to be true pioneers.

To each of these groups came that sense of participation in eternal service, a sense of fellowship with God in a noble work. Small wonder that such heroic work should produce strong, virile, able men and women and that such an age of pioneer advance should be great in its list of noble souls.

As we allow the curtain to drop back and bring us into the consciousness of the living present, another deep conviction startles us to quick realization. *Our age is different.* Our needs are other. Pioneer work in our time must be equally new.

To remain content with the democracy and independent national life of our ancestors, to accept passively and parasitically the growth brought about by our fathers in industry, to cease to struggle in religion beyond the findings of Ballou and Channing, is to allow our society to quit the steady march of progress, to emasculate ourselves of the vigorous and valiant power of noble spirits, to kill the modern race of pioneers.

This will not be. My generation will not let this be. In every field of labor and of love, are advances to be made. Our group shall take the next one in every field with that elation, that nobility, that thrill of gladness, which made life glorious in days of yore.

In government the vision of a super association of the peoples of the world in one great human fellowship and brotherhood, will mark a pioneer movement in this age of world life. Lord Robert Cecil feels and represents the pulsing will of a world of peoples in visioning a noble, dynamic, useful League of Nations—serving the highest interests of mankind.

In industry the hope of a great working population

bound together in a fellowship for the making of the articles of use and for the distribution of such in the interest of humankind—is the acute expression of the rising tide of youth in its thought and study of industrial life. Here the work of Lord Leverhulme and Rowntree in England and of such as Henry Dennison and Edward A. Filene of our land are expressions of that type of activity which deserves the support of industrial pioneers.

In religion the next step is the application of the oft-repeated lip-phrase "brotherhood of man" in the creation of a religious organization which will provide equal welcome for all sects and religions and will study devoutly all the religious literature of the various peoples in the earnest desire to express a universal religion. Here men of the type of John Haynes Holmes and Clarence Skinner are in the vanguard marching the road of pioneers.

Just as the pioneer spirit was alive in 1823, it is alive today. And great and glorious as it was in the old days, so today the thrilling, joyful, daring, as well as the strong, virile, noble, life is that of the pioneer.

Be not dismayed, then ye of a new generation. Life is not dull, or dead. If you have found a place in the lists, if you see the vision, it must have the same throb, an equally pulsating joy—leading on and on in service through love, and thought, and faith.

Awake, young men and women of a new generation of pioneers! Yours is the call. To your task—of adding new and greater history to the record of our past. On—after the spirit of the Pioneers!

ELBERT W. WHIPPEN.

THE STUDY TABLE

The Democratization of the American Family

In the love and sacrifice of plain and unknown fathers who cheerfully toil for their loved ones, in the patient endurance of simple-hearted mothers who give so much of their lives in ready service to husband and family, in the frolic-joy and eager activity of ordinary children whose only dower is the free and happy service of their parents, is the fruit and the promise of the human family.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

Anna Garlin Spencer has achieved recognized distinction as a lecturer, writer and teacher in the field of social science. Her work as special lecturer in this subject at the Teachers College of Columbia University, and her former connections with the University of Wisconsin as lecturer, and the Meadville Theological School as professor, combined with her writings has given to Mrs. Spencer, as a specialist in sociology and ethics, an influence in the development of American civilization worthy of profound respect. It is, therefore, with a feeling of expectancy that one opens for the first time the pages of her latest work, "The Family and Its Members." *

Unfortunately for the general reader, Mrs. Spencer has seen fit to issue this volume in the form of a textbook, with each chapter subdivided into many sections, and followed by a list of questions for purposes of review and discussion. I say unfortunately, not alone because of the artlessness of such a typographical arrangement, but because, in the interest of textual completeness the author has included much hackneyed material, material with which the intelligent reader is perfectly familiar. Few people enjoy reading that which is trite, and for this reason a book intended for academic purposes is apt to be undesirable for the general, book-loving public. Were it not for Mrs. Spencer's pleasing style and good taste in the arrangement and treatment of her subject (I wonder to what extent this literary ability is due to those nine years devoted to journalism) her latest volume would suffer from this textbook form a great deal more than it actually does.

"The Family and Its Members" is restricted in its scope. The great, perplexing social problems in reference to that rapidly approaching period when national groups will either have to limit the growth of their populations, conquer through sheer force of numbers and resources, land areas now occupied by other peoples, or allow their civilizations to deteriorate, are not discussed by Mrs. Spencer in this work. She is interested in saving life, rather than in limiting its proliferation; and sees in the political doctrine of democracy a sufficient norm by which to determine human progress. Although born in the East (New England) in the early half of the nineteenth century, Anna Garlin Spencer has accepted, seemingly without reservation, the philosophy of Jacksonian or western democracy with its emphasis upon the utilitarian concept of Bentham and John Stuart Mill—the greatest good of the greatest number. For example, in discussing the problem of illegitimacy, or, as she would prefer me to say, "children born out of wedlock," Mrs. Spencer says:

It would seem the part of social wisdom, therefore, in this, as in all other matters of social control, to ask ourselves the question, What rule on the whole gives the best condition for the largest number of persons—and on that answer to that question base our law and custom, then add considerate treatment for the minority who must in the nature of things have some handicap if the rule is obeyed by the majority.

On this philosophic background, so ardently admired by America, the author of "The Family and Its Members," aided by the latest observations and conclusions of social science, builds her home-structure. I will mention only two or three of its basic parts.

In the first chapter, the reader is led through a historical gradation to the position that the monogamic family is, for present-day society, the best possible cradle for democracy. Divorce is only "a symptom, not a cause, the legal expression of a social disease, not the disease itself." The true cure is not in legislation against—as practiced by our forefathers—but in eliminating those causes which lead to the desire for a divorce. For after all the divorce as a method of adjustment leaves little in life to those thus separated except time—time in which to think, and sadly to repeat: Alas,

To look upon the face of a dead friend
Is hard; but there is deeper woe—
To look upon our friendship lying dead
While we live on, and eat, and sleep—
Mere bodies from which all the soul has fled,
And that dead thing year after year to keep
Locked in cold silence on its dreamless bed.

After treating the family in these more general terms, Mrs. Spencer, turning to its individual units, discusses among the problems of the grandparent, the

* "The Family and Its Members," by Anna Garlin Spencer. J. B. Lippincott Company. 322 pages.

brother, sister, and "the chosen one," those of the modern mother in her effort to secure through social and political means, proper protection and a favorable environment for her offspring; and of the father in maintaining true democracy within the home—that co-operative partnership of which we hear so much in these days of woman's rights. And here, even at the expense of omitting mention of more weighty material, I must give Mrs. Spencer's description of the type of woman most in demand by the masculine sex. She is one, says our author, in which "physical beauty, charm of manner, general rather than special ability, affectionate and competent response to family, easy adaptability to whatever social system her marriage might give entrance, and unswerving loyalty to the ethical traditions and religious sanctions of her day and generation, combine to attract the love of man and the devotion of children." Where can a more pure idealism be found, than in these enhancing phrases?

A delightful touch of femininity characterizes this volume by Anna Garlin Spencer. The chapters entitled, "The Flower of the Family," "The Children that Never Grow Up," and "The Father and Mother State," are illustrative examples of this delicacy and tenderness in treatment. And while the work as a whole covers too wide a range to be more than a popular presentation of the subject treated, it does, simply and clearly, set forth the modern attitude of America toward family problems; and the modern, contemporary thought of leading sociologists who are trying to solve these problems.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

The political economist merely darkens counsel by pretentious technicalities of language. The economy of a State differs in nothing, save scale, from the housekeeping of a household. The child also knows more—that its mother is the economist of spiritual forces, shielding and directing and turning souls this way or that. We are deceived by mass and scale. What are the wars of States more than the bickerings and bouts of children? The average natural man acts on three criteria of conduct, in three successive concentric circles: the familial, the equitable, and the predatory. He applies the outermost and last to all strangers and the uncivilized. And yet, and yet . . . seer, prophet, poet, and philosopher have had to die in legions merely to drive home the bare fact that, if the world is to improve, it is solely by protection through it of the Family, with its subtler and more intimate values and its atmosphere of love and personal service. The State has to learn from the home—and not the home from the State—that by the "kingdom of God" was meant the spirit of the Family, propelled through myriads of undulations and resistances, to the end of the world; there destined to create a meeting and equipoise of forces, and thence to undulate backward, through the structure of all polities, spreading internally its strength, its discipline, and its enlightenment of life.—*Excerpt from "The Growth of the Great State"—by Herbert Trench, in "Socialism and the Great State"—by H. G. Wells.*

CORRESPONDENCE

WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM

Editor of UNITY:

It seems a most fitting time, when so many Church Congresses are passing resolutions to work for peace and to oppose war, that we should call the attention of the women readers of UNITY to the work which the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom is doing.

It is a federation of women with organized sections in 21 of the most important countries and scattered members and correspondents from Iceland to Fiji, with the International headquarters in Geneva. Here in the United States, we have branches in almost every state in the Union with headquarters in Washington.

The object of the Section for the United States is to promote that peace between nations, races and classes which is based on justice and good-will, to outlaw war and to co-operate with women from other countries who are working for the same ends.

It is this organization of which Miss Jane Addams is President.

We are desirous of making this organization more widely known to the end that those women eager to work for peace and co-operation along the road which we have chosen to travel, may become acquainted with us and, perhaps, join and add their strength to ours.

Boston, Mass. ALICE MARION HOLMES.
Executive Secretary.

"THE OLD DAYS"

Editor of UNITY:

Dear Sir:—In UNITY of October 18th there is an article by John Haynes Holmes beginning, "'The old days!' Yes, I am surely aging. There *are* 'old days' now in my life." This recalls to us the night when the boys from the Kentucky mountains spoke at the Community Forum. One young man of eight or nine years of age began his story with, "When I was young."

How those who are of identically the same age as Mr. Holmes, and well aware that they are very young, must feel when they read such a message from Mr. Holmes, we do not dare imagine. But even some of us who have not used up quite as many calendars as he may have in his life, are both irritated and depressed by a statement like this. We insist that we are young—that we do not yet belong to the past, that we have not reached the stage when we ought to make way for the "younger generation." Still, we are no younger than is John Haynes Holmes. We always have considered him as "one of us"; greater, of course, wiser, more inspired, but not older. He gives expression to our thoughts and ideals, he sympathizes with us and frequently acts as our representative. Therefore, if he were "aging" it would mean that we were aging. We resent the inference, and we deny that it is a true statement. Of course all people have their "old days"; even children speak of them. No one knows better than Mr. Holmes does how continuously changes follow upon changes—he calls our attention to them again and again. What has that to do with growing old?

We request Mr. Holmes to forget the calendar. It is impossible that he should consider it of importance or significance, even though he may be sincere when he claims that to him it tells a terrible tale. As readers of UNITY, we protest against being compelled to read about Mr. Holmes' "Old age."

Very truly yours,
MARION S. SVECENSKI.
DORA MAXWELL.

A LETTER FROM AN OLD FRIEND

Nov. 7th, 1923.

Dear UNITY Friends:

I have just returned home from a 1440 mile Auto trip touching four states but mostly in old Michigan, where I followed the white pine timber for twenty-seven years and went through the big fires of 1871. We drove up the east shore of Lake Huron to Port Sanilac, where my only sister still lives and where I spent six of my boyhood years, then on up to White Rock and back twelve miles to where we lost the first of six saw and shingle mills by fire during the Civil War. That day we covered 75 miles in Sanilac and Huron counties, traveling the finest gravel roads I have ever driven a car over,

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THE HUMANITARIANS OF THE WORLD

An Appeal for Enrollment.

[Here is an idea and an appeal which ought to interest the readers of UNITY. Why not enroll?—J. H. H.]

Humanity seems to have come to an impasse. It is making progress neither in morals nor in intelligence. It has not been able to adjust itself to the demands of civilization. There is an increase of crime. Unhappiness is increasing as testified by the growing number of suicides. There is a greater degree of intolerance, prejudice, and hatred of all kinds than the world has seen for many generations.

It seems evident that our material advance has altogether outstripped our spiritual and mental development. Science, being cumulative in its nature, continues to give us marvelous inventions and has made our civilization a most delicate mechanism. But the knowledge and enlightenment which has produced all this is the possession of a very small minority. The masses have been pushed into a world for which they have had no adequate spiritual preparation, and for the responsibilities of which they have little liking.

This delicate mechanism might have been made a blessing, a means of enlightenment and emancipation for all, were it under the direction of the spiritually and intellectually best. This is not the case and never has been. The machinery of civilization is under the domination of a small minority of strong-willed, semi-educated, craftily selfish men,—the men that bring on wars, that develop our capitalistic system of industry under which crime and unhappiness increase while wealth piles up for the few.

We have no effective organization of enlightened conscience to match this organization of greed. The Church is a medley of ecclesiastical machines, and is at its best but a crude restraining influence. But its hell-fire bogey is steadily losing its power "to haud the wretch in order," and it does not seem to know how to use any better methods for better ends. It is ruled by ecclesiastical politicians whose first care is the material prosperity of the institution, and it is heavily subsidized by the very forces which it is supposed to be fighting.

Humanity stands in great need of united action on the part of the intellectually and morally enlightened people of the world without regard to the divisions of race or of nationality. There are a sufficient number of us were we made aware of one another's existence and enabled to act in concert;—for the world has always been led by small minorities. As it is we are divided, isolated. We have no program, and no way of carrying it out if we did have one.

Before undertaking to remedy this state of affairs it is necessary for us to face the facts of the situation. We must recognize what Matthew Arnold has called "the essential unsoundness of the majority." The great majority of all classes are densely ignorant and consequently easily swayed by the professional manipulators of patriotic hatreds, religious bigotries, and superstitious fears. It is not at all surprising to learn that there is an actual lowering in the average of intelligence.

This is not pessimism. It would be the worst of pessimism to expect otherwise; to expect a corrupt tree to bring forth good fruit; to expect slavery to prepare men for freedom, not make them more slavish; to expect war to end war, not breed blood-lust; all this would be deadly pessimism. It was the delusion of some Abolitionists that the negro slave could be made the principal factor in his own deliverance. The great outstanding feature of history is the work done for the weak and oppressed by those who possessed the intelligence and the forcefulness of character to sit in the seats of the mighty if they would prostitute their powers to base personal ends. The deliverer has usually been some Moses who refused to be called the son of a princess choosing rather to suffer with the slaves than to enjoy the profits of their slavery. In a larger sense than was ever dreamed by Church dogmatists the world must be saved by vicarious atonement,—the strong giving themselves for the weak.

Little therefore can be expected through political action. We cannot thus win the control of government, for the ignorant majority are more susceptible to the appeal of the skilled "politician." Angling for votes is destructive of idealism. The chief value of an election campaign is the opportunity it affords us for educational work.

A group of about fifteen men and women have, after earnest thought and discussion, decided to take the first steps in a movement to unite, as far as possible, the intelligent consciences of the world in a great religious fellowship for the service of mankind in this time of great need. We are using the word religion in its wider and more human significance. We seek to avoid all controversies that may divide our forces, while at the same time we hold to what we consider the five essential principles and objectives of such a movement. We consider these to be—

1. The international organization of the world so as to make war a virtual impossibility. We agree to have no part in any future war, no matter under what pretense waged. Without entering into the academic discussion of the principle of non-resistance, we are agreed that, whatever value military force may have had in the past, it is no longer a means of defense that can be considered by any enlightened people. It defeats its own ends. Worse than that, it is like the reckless use of a gun in a dense crowd in order to keep off a pick-pocket.

2. The building up of a system of cooperative production and distribution to take the place of the present wasteful, irresponsible, and autocratic system of exploitation. To do this we must first develop the spirit that will make this cooperation not only possible but easy.

3. The emancipation of the masses from spiritual terrorism. We believe that the universe is moral. We do not see how faith in the future of humanity can be maintained if the belief in the eternal spirit-energy of the world should give way to blind materialism. At the same time we consider that the very antithesis of this faith is the terrorism which teaches a mind-benumbing belief in a hell-fire omnipotence.

4. The extension of the feminist movement so as to bring the spirit of motherhood into the management of government and of industry.

5. The steady development of individual self-control. Civilization puts within man's grasp greater opportunities for the gratification of his appetites. His power to resist the temptation to indulgence has not been proportionately increased. We face a fearful advance of organic disease due to gluttony and drunkenness and to the multiplication of hurtful habits. The tremendous increase in the consumption of tobacco and drugs is giving alarm to every thoughtful lover of mankind. We agree to do all that we can to combat this evil of self-indulgence by teaching the nobility of self-mastery free from the taint of asceticism and in conformity with the law of our being as revealed by the science of our day.

We have appointed no officers (except a registrar pro tempore), framed no rules, laid out no plan of action. We ask no fees nor pledges. We believe that we are giving expression to what is in the hearts of many thousands, and so we are giving an opportunity for those of like mind to know something of each other. When the registration has been completed, or rather in about six months, a call will be made for consideration of a program and a plan of organization. In the meanwhile local groups should meet for the discussion of plans for the future.

We ask no pledges of secrecy. True fraternity requires none. Yet we should keep the most of our plans to ourselves, for plans known to the enemy will be frustrated. It is just as essential for us to work in secret as it was for the Christians of pagan Rome, or for the opponents of the tyranny of the Russian czars.

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and the contrast between 1864 and 1923 was indescribable. From Sanilac we drove to Lexington and then almost straight west through many villages and cities to East Saginaw which at one time was the largest exporting point of white pine lumber in the world. From Sanilac we drove through Alma, Mount Pleasant, Big Rapids, Reed City, and on over to Chase, a village which the old firm of C. W. Joiner and Son laid out in the seventies and where three of my children were born. My oldest son, Charles, was with me and he saw the old home where he was born. From Chase we drove almost to Ludington where we picked up the Dixie highway and drove on it to Gary, Ind., thence over the new Dunes cement highway. It was all one glorious trip and brought up more recollections than I could write in half a life time.

I have been looking over back files of UNITY and my eye caught the George Gilmore address in the Nov. 1st issue, and I am enclosing a dollar for extra copies of that number for distribution. He sure strikes twelve in that address. Excuse the gossip and believe me to be

Sincerely yours,

ALVIN JOINER, SR.

The only way to insure the necessary privacy is to confine our enrollment to those whose loyalty to our principles and whose purity of motives are beyond suspicion.

We have sent out this appeal to forty-five centers in the United States and to a few in Europe and Asia. Let those who receive them endeavor to obtain signatures and form a local group. Let each who enrolls take this enterprise in earnest and in good faith, make one or more copies of this appeal and send to others for whose qualifications he can vouch, and so on after the manner of the chain letters of a few years ago.

Send all names and addresses to our acting registrar,* H. W. Richter, Ph.D., 208 S. Main St., Randolph, Mass. If you wish a copy of the enrollment send ten cents to Dr. Richter any time after the first of February.

For the present we are asking each local group to keep in touch with what is being considered through the columns of UNITY which is published by Unity Publishing Co., 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. Send $2.00 for a year's subscription, mentioning that you are one of this enrollment.

*Those centers having previously received the appeal please note change in name and address of Registrar.

CHICAGO READERS TAKE NOTICE!

John Haynes Holmes will be heard in Chicago on the following days:

December 14—

10:30 a. m. Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard. Subject: "Five Years After the War"—A Survey and a Prophecy.

6:30—Federation of Religious Liberals—Banquet at headquarters, Abraham Lincoln Centre.

December 15—

1 p. m. Hull House.

December 16—

2:30—Milwaukee Open Forum. Subject: "My Visit to Soviet Russia."

December 17—

12 Noon—Chicago Women's Aid, 717 Kimball Building.

Afternoon—Oak Park, Ill. 19th Century Club.

8 p. m. Sinai Temple, 4600 Grand Boulevard. Subject: "Five Years After the War"—A Survey and a Prophecy.

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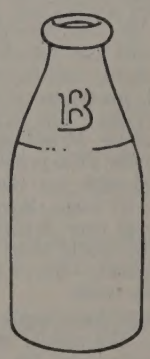

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